

The WESLEYAN



Greater Wesleyan Number

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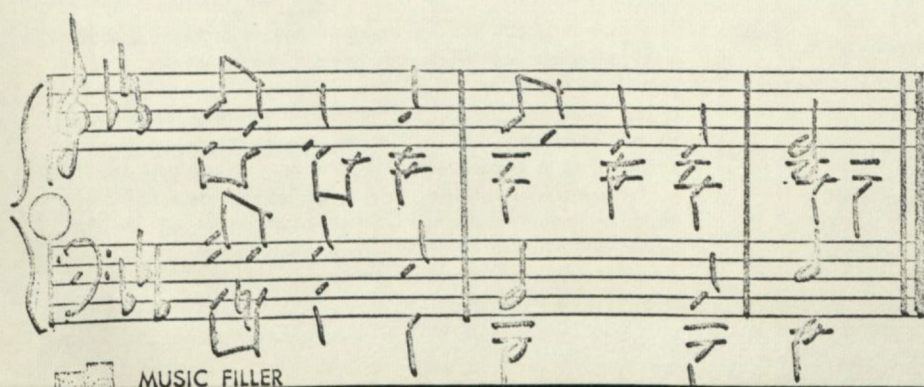
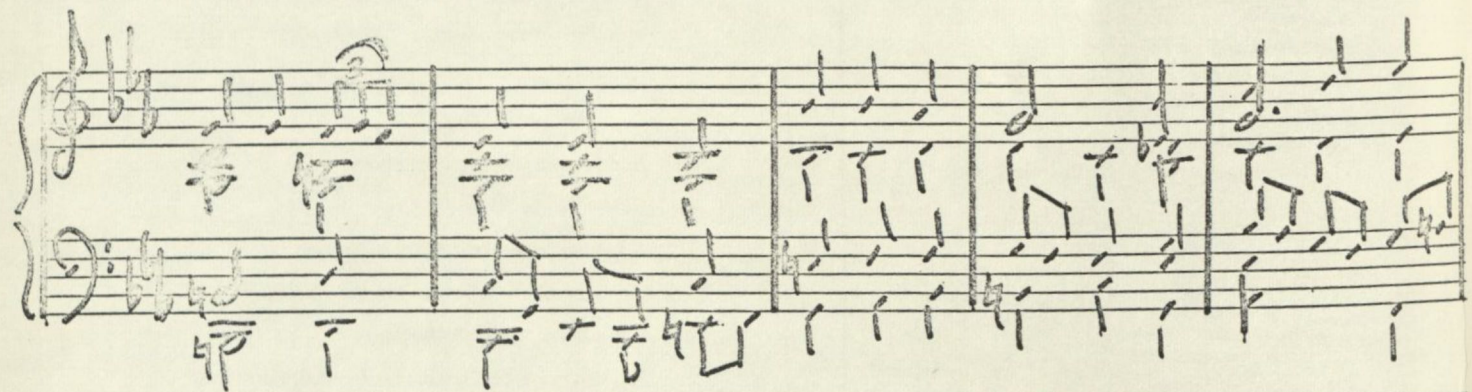
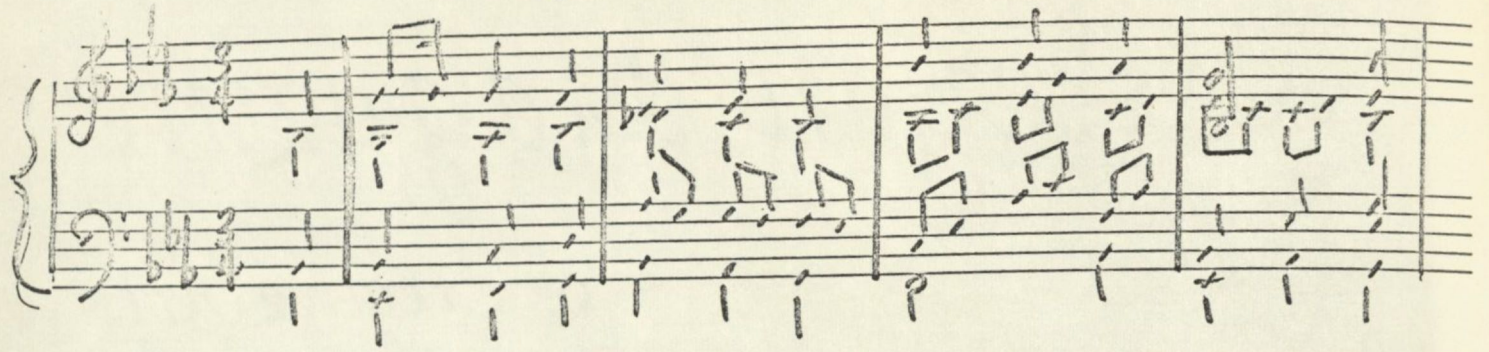
The Sounds of This Place, Eunice Thompson



This issue originally started as an attempt to produce a satirical publication here at Wesleyan; however, there seemed to be a lack of materials for the project. What we have put together is a pot pourri (or pot au feu, maybe) of offerings that wouldn't fit any other one type of volume. We offer you a few light verses, some examples of Wesleyan poetry from past years, a perfectly marvelous recipe from our gourmet in the music department, a sit-down-and-play-it-yourself arrangement of the Alma Mater, and other very varied fare. If you're wondering about the cover, it's from the twenties, front and back. And please don't throw it in the trash for a little while at least.

Editor

Wesleyan Alma Mater



ARRANGED BY
CINDY HANNA



1940's

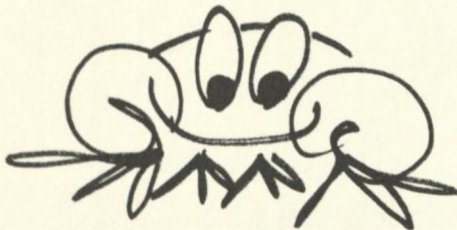
Waterfront Southern Port

1930's

Contentment

*A squat blue Buddha
Sat on a crimson scarf
Wise as the ages—
As silent as the dead.
Fat hands folded
Over fat stomach.
Serene, content.
Detached from life
And all its complexities.*

ELIZABETH BALDWIN



I NIGHT

Sound of anchor chains in the night,
Sultry, heavy hanging night.
The burning stars have dropped
And sputtered out in the oily water.
The sleepless eyes of the harbor
Blink and stare.

The river lays upon its bank
The careless falling sound of music
And silence broods with drumming wings.
The aged moon is worn into the west.
Channel lights are emerald eyes that flash
Green and dark.

II LABOR STRIKE-LONGSHOREMEN

Bolita in the warehouse shed
Crap game on the docks.
Lie swapping Big pier head,
And Kelly's window's cracked with rock.
Us niggers have joined the C. I. O.
Want .40 cts. to roll the resin 'round
Big man come in from Ohio
Talk to us and don't talk down.

Dance tonight beyond Lincoln Toll
Coffee ship comes in at dawn.
Cargo can rot in the hold.
Bix Six's got plenty O'corn.

III DAGO PLAINS

Glistening palmettoes under a blazing
sun,
Silence and shimmering heat 'til day is
done.
Mrash and jungle and cruel blue sky,
Waterturkeys beating west, fleeting and
shy,
The rattle snake trails his narrow run.
Silence is the beating pulse of a muffled
drum.

Moonlight is liquid that moves across
the plains,
Palms are black towers 'til the witch moon
waned.
The 'shiner's stilil is a far mysterious flame
The palmettoes close the way he came.
The Southern Cross is the sentinel of
God
And silence is panther-cat, velvet shod.

JEWEL KENNELLY

1950's

Grandmother's House

By JULIA STILLWELL

*Deep are the roots, deep in the core of the house,
Deep-nourished by life-shaped fingers,
Work-worn, once young with a new gold ring,
Dark musty is the house like crumbling books,
But values still thrive in an air of dried fern
There roots hold though the world is sand.
Life's pattern is kept in the rooms of the house,
Small feet scamper over smooth worn floors,
Generations gather on the wide front porch,
And rock and talk to the creak of the swing,
The young must listen to the rambling stories,
They leave, at last, with kin-kissing good-byes.
Party chatter deep is the world at the
 end of the walk,
But they are sustained by the roots
 in the house,
Deep-nourished and vital with meaning.*

1960's

No night rain's wind could ever make me think
Of you again. No owl conjures the past
From leaden dusk and clock-spooned hours held fast
In silent webs grown wide as evenings shrink.
I need no sleep as stone to break the link
Between each hoarded pearl from daylight's wound
Of weeping flesh beneath the ticking's pound.
My freedom's clean as polished zinc.

Outside the rain has stopped its hollow walk
Upon the fallen leaves. Drops teeter on
The ledge to grin into the window grates
As one prepares with steady hand to caulk
The seams of mind's rent walls alone,
While down the darkened hall the room awaits.

—Kay Stripling

TO A FORTUNE COOKIE

My fortune lies in a cookie shell:
a paper seed in a pastry pod,
a page in an unread book.

What is my fortune?

Who can tell?

... only God, or the author, or maybe the cook.

Ann Myers



A JOURNEY TO THE EAST

A Found Poem from Joseph Conrad's "Youth"

I

It was going to be an exciting voyage.
I was second mate for the first time.
The ship had been laid up in Shadwell
basin for ever so long.
She was all rust, dust, and grime.
She had not a bit of brass about her.
Below her name (Judea) there was a
lot of scroll work, with the gilt off.
She had some sort of coat of arms too,
with the motto "Do or Die" underneath.
Yes, she was old and battered.
After just coming off a crack Aus-
tralian clipper,
I felt I was being transferred from
a palace to a ruined cottage.
But the old thing took my fancy.
There was a touch of romance in it . . .

II

We were sailing east—Bangkok!
Everything was grand—then
We saw the fire.
A blue gleam appeared forward.
It wavered in patches.
It seemed to stir and creep like the
light of a glowworm.
Red tongues would be seen licking
the wilderness of splinters under our feet.
A conical flame with a twisted
top shot up forward, throwing a circle
of light upon a black luminous sea.
The fire burned fiercely.
It grew steadily worse.
Suddenly, A frightful racket, rat-
tle, clanking of chain, hiss of water.
Millions of sparks flew up into
the shivering column of smoke that stood
leaning slightly above the ship.
Two red-hot anchors had gone
to the bottom, tearing after them two
hundred fathoms of red-hot chain.

The ship trembled.
Black smoke poured continuously
at the sky and the fire burned on until—
At last, she was only a charred
shell, floating stil under a cloud of smoke.
From our small boats, we all
watched her go down.
The stern was the last to sink.
But the paint had gone, had cracked,
had peeled off,
and there were no letters, no
word, no stubborn device that was
like her soul, to flash at the rising
sun her creed or name.

III

I got to the East—though it
was in a small boat.
A high outline of mountains: blue
and afar in the morning, like faint
mist at noon, a jagged wall of purple
at sunset.
A bay, a wide bay, smooth as
glass and polished like ice shimmering
in the dark.
The night, soft and warm.
A puff of wind, faint and tepid
and learn with strange odors of blos-
soms of aromatic wood
The first sigh of the East on my
face—impalpable, enslaving
Like a charm,
Like a whispered promise of mys-
terious delight.

Earline Gammel

S. S. A.

KING DAVID AND KING SOLOMON

James Ball Naylor 1860-1945

Marlina Kawira

Larghetto MMJ = 96

Handwritten musical score for three voices and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Larghetto MMJ = 96".

Voice parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor):

- Soprano: King David and King So-lo-man, led mer-ry, mer-
- Alto: King David, King David and King So-lo-man, led mer-ry, mer
- Tenor: King Da-vid, King David and King So-lo-man, mer-ry, mer-

Piano part (left hand):

FOR REHEARSAL ONLY

Handwritten musical score for three voices and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Larghetto MMJ = 96".

Voice parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor):

- Soprano: ry lives with many many lady friends and many many wives when
- Alto: ry lives with ma--ny lady friends & ma--ny wives when
- Tenor: ry lives ma-ny lady friends & ma--ny wives

Piano part (left hand):

mf

Rit. Largo MM $\text{♩} = 66$

old age crept over them - with many many qualms

old age crept over them - with many many qualms

old age crept over them - with many many qualms

old age crept over them - with many many qualms

Rit. mp.

King Solomon wrote the proverbs, King David wrote the psalms.

King Solomon wrote the proverbs, King David wrote the psalms

King Solomon wrote the proverbs, King David wrote the psalms

King Solomon wrote the proverbs, King David wrote the psalms

poco rit. f ff



George McKinney

POTS DE CREME AU CHOCOLAT

Wait! Don't panic and pass up this recipe. It may not be the oldest of chocolate desserts, but it is most certainly the best, and by far the most elegant of all.

- 3/4 pound semi-sweet chocolate
- 1-1/2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1/16 teaspoon salt
- 1-1/2 cups pure cream
- 6 egg yolks

Melt chocolate in cream over very low heat. Pour into electric mixer bowl and add vanilla and salt, and beat until smooth. Beat yolks in (it is better to add them one at a time) and beat until smooth (about 30 seconds).

Pour into pot de creme pots until almost full. Refrigerate.

Note: In order to ripen, this must be prepared 24 hours in advance.

If you do not have the pots, just use after dinner coffee cups. Before serving put a small covering of whipped cream over each.

This dessert is fool-proof if the above simple directions are followed exactly-and this means that, as in all good cooking, it must be done with TLC.

Herbert C. Herrington

THE SOUNDS OF THIS PLACE

The sounds of this place are the sounds
that accompany peace,
The wind in the live-oaks, the
far away splash of an oar,
The marsh hens' wierd calls at each
turn of the tide and the low
And monotonous drumming of crickets at
dusk on the shore,
And every new grief you impart
to the waves they will gather
Repeat, and intone to you softly
until it will be
As lost as a voice in the wind
that sweeps over the beaches
As little important as rain in
the face of the sea.

Eunice Thompson, '20

note: This poem by Miss Eunice Thompson received The Poetry Society of Georgia prize. It is reprinted in this issue of The Wesleyan with her permission.

ed.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

THE IDEAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN

Wesleyan College makes an irresistible appeal to the American girl and crowds its halls with students because:

1. It is open only to the graduates of high schools and has a student body of mature women.
2. Its curriculum is broad, high and modern, meeting the tastes and needs of every individual.
3. Its equipment is excellent in every particular, furnishing the best scientific laboratories, library and every facility for the best work in the liberal arts and in the fine arts.
4. Its faculty are men and women of the highest literary and artistic attainment, having had the best training that the world affords.
5. Field sports, a great gymnasium and swimming pool afford means for physical development.
6. Democratic ideals, student government, mutual confidence of students and teachers make a perfect home life.
7. The religious and moral influences of the institution are all that could be asked.
8. The rates are reasonable.

For catalogue write

C. R. JENKINS, President

